Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Gothes* and raise an armie there,
And if yee loue me as I thinke you doe,
Lets kisse and part for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my Noble Father,
The woefullst man that euer liude in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome till *Lucius* come againe,
He loues his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my Noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues,
But in obliuion and hatefull greefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empresse,
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene,
Now will I to the *Gothes* and raise a powre,
To bee reuengd on Rome and *Saturnine*.

Exit Lucius.

Enter Lucius sonne and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his Bookes vnder his Arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Puer. Help Grandsier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euerie where I know not why.
Good Vnckle *Marcus* see how swift shee comes,
Alas sweet Aunt I know not what you meane.

Marcus. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thine Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme.

Puer. I when my Father was in Rome she did.

M. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by these signes?

Tit. Feare her not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane,

See

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of the
Some whither would she haue thee goe with
A boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care,
Red to her sonnes than she hath red to th ee
Sweet Poetrie and Tullies Oratour:
Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies the

Puer. My Lord I know not I, nor can I g
Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:
For I haue heard my Grandsier say full oft
Extremitie of greeues would make men ma
And I haue red that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad for sorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord I know my Noble Aun
Loues me as deare as ere my Mother did,
And would not but in furie fright my youth
Which made me downe to throwe my boo
Causeles perhaps, but pardon me, sweet Aun
And Maddam if my Vnckle *Marcus* goe,
I will most willinglie attend your Ladyship.

Mar. Lucius I will.

Titus. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what m
Some booke there is that she desires to see:
Which is it gyrle of these, open them boy
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choise of all my Lybrarie,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deede.
Why lifts she vp her Armes in sequence thu

M. I thinke she meanes that there were m
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen, she heaues them for reueng

Titus. Lucius what booke is that she tosse

Puer. Grandsier tis Ouids Metamorphosi
My Mother gaue it me.

Marcus. For loue of her thats gone,